

13 ILL UNTO DEATH SHIVER IN A TENT.

Small-pox Patients, Their Canvas Roof Torn Off in Storm, Exposed to Icy Wind and Rain on Snake Hill.

No more striking example of the utter brutality and inhumanity of our modern method of treating small-pox patients has been recorded in this neighborhood than that which comes from Jersey City to-day. It recites the experiences of thirteen unfortunates who were housed in a tent on the top of Snake Hill in the Hackensack Meadows when the storm came up the coast last Saturday night.

The strong wind ripped the top from their frail shelter, exposing them to the rain; a portion of the roof of the tent fell across the chimneys of a stove. A fire resulted, the tent was almost destroyed and the victims of the most deadly disease of this time and locality spent the rest of the night under the shelter of umbrellas.

It would be hard to find within a day's ride of New York on any side a more dismal place than Snake Hill. It is a mound in the depths of a swamp, a bare, forbidding bump on the face of nature. The prison of Hudson County is located there, and few indeed are the prisoners who, escaping, are able to find their way to solid ground across the meadow. In point of isolation there is nothing in the vicinity of the metropolis to compare with Snake Hill.

Used to Have a Pest House. On the very top of this mound were the small-pox victims of Hudson County N. J. Time was, it appears, when Hudson County had a pest house. A month ago it was burned to the ground—a circumstance in itself a blessing. Pending the erection of a new shelter for small-pox patients, a tent was erected on Snake Hill, at the back door of and overlooking the county prison. To this tent sufferers from small-pox were taken.

There is no evidence to show that it was not a good tent. It had a double roof as extra guard against the severity of November weather. There were stoves in it and the chimneys ran up through this double roof. The doctors and nurses were devoted and kind.

All Comfortable but These. Consumptives were riding in the street cars of Jersey City last Saturday; typhoid victims were in bed in warm rooms with all the conveniences of modern

science and experience at hand; sufferers from all the diseases on the calendar of diseases were hovered over by nurses, doctors and friends. In the various hospitals of Jersey City unfortunates without homes or friends were gently nursed.

Out on Snake Hill the small-pox patients shivered in their double-topped tent. As the afternoon wore on the wind came across the Hackensack meadows with increasing force. It whistled through the guy ropes of the tent, belted the sides of it and belted out the roof of it. When the rain came it beat upon the canvas like a rain of s.

As the night wore on the force of the gale increased. Sweeping in from the ocean it crossed the heights of Jersey City and found Snake Hill the only impediment in its journey toward the mountains. The tent slumped and groaned, the ropes strained and the patients, racked with pain and misery, shivered.

Down in the penitentiary the convicts slept in peace. They were in warm, comfortable cells. In the prison hospital there were thieves and worse. Some had colds, some had diseases brought on by their own indiscretions. They dozed comfortably in the warmth and light and were woken to slumber by the booming of the wind across the meadows.

Up in the tent on the top of the hill the small-pox patients were in a state bordering on panic. In all of New Jersey they were probably the only human beings in a tent. Healthy persons throughout the State were in warm beds in houses. These sufferers, in one of the most exposed positions in the State had nothing between them and the elements but canvas walls and a double canvas roof.

The Board of Freeholders of Hudson County slept comfortably through the storm. They had ordered the erection of the tent for the shelter of persons suffering from small-pox, and the communities in a panic upon its appearance. No member of the Board of Freeholders of Hudson County was out on the top of Snake Hill Saturday night. No one was there but thirteen persons ill unto death with small-pox and a few devoted nurses and doctors who had Canvassed its limits of resistance and

ropes cannot last beyond a certain strain. The canvas of the small-pox tent and the ropes that held it down stood out bravely until the wind reached a speed of sixty miles an hour. Then went the double canvas roof, and the small-pox patients of Hudson County were exposed to a pelting rain and a wind that had in it the chill of the sea.

Keep Warm, Above All. It is the chief desire of physicians treating persons with small-pox that their patients be kept warm. These unfortunates on the top of Snake Hill had been so warm as it is possible to be in a tent, until the wind blew off the covering of their shelter. How warm they were then may be imagined.

Then the fire broke out—just when all was confusion, when the patients, covering in their blankets were moaning in chilled misery, when the nurses and doctors were doing their best to repair the damage. There was a puff of flame in a pile of canvas, a cloud of smoke that the wind carried out to the meadows and a cry of "Fire!"

Out of their blankets jumped the small-pox wards of Hudson County, N. J. The cold rain beat upon their fever-racked bodies, the smoke from the burning tent was blown in their faces. They ran this way and that on the top of Snake Hill, the lonesome mound in the desolation of the Hackensack meadow.

The doctors, led by Medical Superintendent King, worked like madmen to quench the flames and repair the flimsy shelter of their charges. They took off their coats and tied them together to form a roof for the tent. They guided the sufferers to shelter in an improvised tangle of scorched canvas, clothing and blankets. Finally they had the small-pox patients of Hudson County, N. J., under shelter again.

Under Inadequate Shelter. It was poor shelter, but it was the best obtainable. The small-pox sufferers could not be taken to the comfortable prison down the hill; it would have imperilled the health of the convicts. Through the gale and rain of Sunday, through the high wind and mist of Sunday night, through the chill winds on Monday and the bitter cold and frost of last night the small-pox patients of Hudson County, N. J., shivered under the improvised shelter built for them by the noble doctors and nurses.

They are to-day under the tent. It is cold enough on the streets of New York or Jersey City to be cruel and on the top of Snake Hill in the Hackensack Meadows. The official bulletin of the destruction of the small-pox tent reads: "Fatal results are expected." With this cheering assurance the Board of Freeholders of Hudson County, N. J., probably is satisfied.

WASHERWOMAN'S DAUGHTER NOT PERMITTED TO SING.

Fair Emma Bowker's Vocal Teacher, Emlie Agramonte, Refuses to Let Her Pupil Warble for Mrs. Hedden's Guests.



EMMA BOWKER

Hoping to hear the voice of Miss Emma Bowker, the washerwoman's daughter, who attracted widespread attention by her singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Lead, Kindly Light" at a McKinley memorial service in a taxicab church, many gathered yesterday at the home of Mrs. Edward Harlow Hedden, No. 121 Madison avenue, only to be disappointed.

The object of the meeting was principally for the purpose of securing contributions to forward the musical education of Miss Bowker, and many fashionable artists attended the benefit which had been arranged for the occasion. The

young woman in whom they were all interested was present and was introduced by the Rev. Dr. Prager as follows: "Now you shall see that you have not spent your money in an unworthy cause. I can testify to the exquisite quality of Miss Bowker's voice, as can others who have heard it." Miss Bowker will now sing.

Indeed, a voice in pronounced soprano as an elderly man turned to his feet. "Miss Bowker will do nothing of the kind."

The result of this unexpected opposition on the part of Emlie Agramonte, her teacher, caused considerable consternation. The Rev. Dr. Prager, exasperated, but in vain.

Agramonte was determined that Miss Bowker should not sing, and she did not, although it was evident that she was willing. Her teacher said she had a good voice and a daily improvement was noticeable, but she had studied only two weeks and he did not wish her to sing.

"If you all abandon her," said he, in conclusion, "I will still do what I can to further her interests."

Meanwhile the young woman stood abashed before the audience. She is a tall, slender girl, with wavy brown hair. She has a pretty figure and a graceful dignity which adds to her other attractions.

Miss Bowker was at one time a Salvation Army lassie. The benefit yesterday afternoon was held for the purpose of helping her independence. A donation as compensation will be secured for her while she is studying.

John Burnett, of No. 175 Hyerson street, Brooklyn, was arrested to-day on the charge of stealing a horse, wagon, sewing machine and a lot of cloth. The outfit belonged to John Smith, of No. 27 South Third street, Williamsburg, and had been left standing at the corner of Broome street and Broadway, Manhattan.

The machine and cloth, valued at \$150, had been sold in Brooklyn for \$5. Burnett denies his guilt.

SUNDAY LAW IS UPHOLD.

Justice Giegerich Dismisses Writ for Man Convicted of Selling Meat.

ACTION WAS TEST CASE.

Argument that the Legislature Exceeded Its Powers Was Not Sustained.

Justice Giegerich has decided that the law closing up groceries, butcher shops and all other places except restaurants, delicatessens, cigar and candy and drug stores on Sunday is constitutional.

The Justice to-day dismissed a writ of habeas corpus for William Woodin, an east side butcher, who, to make a test case, sold a leg of lamb to a customer Sunday morning and was sentenced to punishment.

It was claimed in his behalf that the law did not intend to prohibit the sale of uncooked meat on Sunday, if the sale was earlier than 10 o'clock, and that if it did the law was excessive of the police power of the Legislature, subversive of personal liberty and unconstitutional.

"I take the act," says Justice Giegerich, "to intend the prohibition of the sale of uncooked meat at any hour on Sunday, but to allow the sale of meats any time when the public sale of cooked meats, &c. before 10 o'clock, and to find no reason for holding that this regulation is unconstitutional."

ACCUSED OF THEFT.

Burnett Charged with Stealing Horse, Wagon and Sewing Machine.

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WOULDN'T IT MAKE YOU MAD

After You Had Been Stabbed in the Back by Your Hated Rival

TO BE HIT IN THE EYE

By a Police Captain and Then Arrested and Given Advice—Wouldn't It Jar You?

Joseph Bradish, a wealthy young electrician, living at No. 261 Clinton street, Brooklyn, told a story of stirring adventure to-day in the River Street Court. He was well dressed and good looking, except for his left eye, which was sadly discolored. He told his story with an injured air and won the sympathy of Magistrate Tighe.

He had been stabbed in the side by a rival while leaving the house of the girl he is about to marry. He purchased a pistol for self-protection, and while trying to get a permit to carry it was given the black eye, he said, by Police Capt. Devanney. And finally he was locked up on a charge of carrying concealed weapons.

"I called on the young lady who has promised to be my wife," began Mr. Bradish when arraigned to-day. "She lives in an apartment house in Fourth avenue near Union street. This was Monday night. I stayed until after the gas had been extinguished in the hall and just as I went to the vestibule to go out I was seized by two men. One of them whom I recognized as a rival for the young woman's hand stabbed me.

Blood Shed by Hated Rival. "The blow was a glancing one, but it drew blood. The blade passed through my overcoat and other clothing.

"I broke away and got home and yesterday called to buy a revolver. The young lady and I were going to the theatre last night, and I thought it best to get a permit from the police. Accordingly I visited the Butler street police station with a friend and saw Sergeant Walsh. I told him all the circumstances and he refused me a permit.

Mr. Bradish here took a breath and continued:

"Just as I was leaving the station somebody came up beside me and struck me a severe blow on the face that blackened my eye and knocked me violently against the wall.

"I was arrested, and the pistol taken from me. Later I was bailed out."

When asked to describe the man who had assaulted him, Mr. Bradish described the captain of the precinct, Michael Devanney.

Captain Denies Foul Blow. The captain admitted that he had made the arrest, but he denied the assault.

"Young man," said the Magistrate, "you have certainly had a rough time of it. I will let you off with a reprimand. Don't shoot your rival. Have him arrested."

Mr. Bradish would not disclose the name of the young woman who was the indirect cause of all the trouble.

"I know who stabbed me, though," he said. "I guess there will be more trouble."

Capt. Devanney is the policeman who was "relieved" of duty by a Coney Island sourette last summer.

MOTHER AND SON
HELD AS THIEVES.

SON ACCUSED OF BURGLARY.
MOTHER OF RECEIVING LOOT.

Mrs. Kelly Tells Strange Story of Accident in Which Her Boy Found Goods.

Mrs. Margaret Kelly, forty-six years old, and her son James, nineteen years old, both of No. 146 Second avenue, were held by Magistrate Moit in Yorkville Court to-day in \$2,000 bail each for examination to-morrow. The mother is charged with receiving stolen goods and the son with burglary.

Solomon Brunberg, a clothing dealer, said that last Sunday morning his place was burglarized and clothing valued at \$250 was taken.

Mrs. Kelly told the Court that last Sunday morning her son came home bleeding from several wounds of the hands and face and carried a bundle containing some clothing. He told her that he was entering the hall downstairs when he stumbled and fell and then found the bundle. She went downstairs and found another bundle containing fifteen pairs of trousers.

Detectives Collins and Ashley, of the East Sixty-seventh street station, told the Court that they found her goods in her kitchen apartments. Magistrate Moit held the prisoners for further examination.

Orkney of Skating. The luxurious completeness of the Prince's Skating Club, which responds to-day, would have amazed the old chronicler Fitz-Stephen, who wrote as follows in his account of Norman London: "And when that great fen that bordered the city walls toward the north is hard frozen, many young men do play upon the ice. Some, striding as wide as they may, do slide swiftly; some make themselves seats of ice; some tie bones to their feet and under their heels, and do slide thus, as swiftly as a bird flits in the air." Skating as we know it, however, was introduced after the Restoration by the cavaliers who had spent their exile in Holland. Pepys has an allusion to it, as practiced on the canal in St. James's Park. "I did see people sliding with their skates, which is a very pretty art."

HARD LABOR FOR GOLDMAN

Burglar Chief Goes to Prison for from 3 Years and 10 months to 5 Years.

Jacob Goldman, the commission merchant, who was last week convicted of burglary in the third degree, was sentenced to-day to serve a term at hard labor in Sing Sing, not less than three years and ten months, nor more than five years.

When Goldman was called to the bar in the Court of General Sessions, he attempted to enter a plea for mercy. Judge McMahon cut him short, saying: "Of all the criminals in the world, there is none who deserve leniency less than you. You are the most dangerous kind of a criminal. You led a double life, and by the profits you acquired through stealing did much to bring about your good reputation among other merchants."

"No Sympathy for You." "I have no sympathy for such a man as you. The sentence of the Court is that you be imprisoned at Sing Sing for a term not less than three years and ten months or exceeding five years."

Goldman tried to speak again, but was led away by the court officers before he had the chance.

When Goldman was arrested last September he was a commission merchant doing business at Broadway and Canal street. His arrest as a burglar caused a sensation among merchants, who had always regarded him as a man of excellent reputation. He lived at No. 52 1/2 Ridge avenue, Brooklyn, with his wife and family.

Lied So She Died Happy. While he was out on bail she was taken mortally ill, and to ease her dying moments Goldman represented to her that he had been acquitted.

The special charge on which Goldman was tried was that of being implicated in a burglary of \$1,000 worth of leather goods from a store at No. 41 Howard street. At the trial several thieves testified against him. They declared that Goldman had planned the robbery and had assisted them in executing them. Goldman will be taken to Sing Sing to-night.

Goldman Gets a Stay. Lawyers Emanuel M. Friend and Edward Hyman secured from Judge Clarke, of the Supreme Court, a temporary stay for Goldman on the ground of error in the trial and the ground that the testimony of the alleged accomplices was not properly corroborated. The motion on the stay comes on for Friday next.

Revival of Irish Dancing. (From the Dublin United Irishmen.) Some workers up Portaferry way are doing good work for things Irish—language classes and Irish dancing classes are now in full swing. The workers of our country towns, we learn the classes have their difficulties to meet. Some of those attending the dancing classes want more of the foreign article and less of the native. Now, we fancy that though some of the Irish dances adopted by our people may for the time receive toleration in our public entertainments, we think it incongruous to have a revival of a class for the revival of Irish dancing should be to include the foreign dance in the programme for learners.

Our efforts should be toward preparing a native substitute for the foreign, while in the mean time we should see that at least all the music and songs given at such entertainments are thoroughly Irish in spirit.

BLOODHOUNDS ON TRACK OF A PRETTY LOST GIRL

Miss Ellen Cropsey, of Brooklyn, Believed to Be Held Captive in the Great Dismal Swamp.

Bloodhounds are leading a dozen searching parties through the Dismal Swamp of North Carolina, in the attempt to find Miss Ellen Cropsey, the Pratt Institute graduate who disappeared last Wednesday from her father's plantation, Seven Pines, near Elizabeth City.

It is now believed that she was abducted and is being kept a prisoner in one of the logging or hunting camps scattered over the great morass.

Her sweetheart, James Wilcox, son of the Sheriff of the county, is under arrest on suspicion of kidnapping, according to a telegram received late last night by her uncle, Andrew G. Cropsey, of Bath Beach, the man is in danger of being lynched.

Mr. Andrew Cropsey's daughter Carrie, who was graduated with the missing girl, is a guest at Seven Pines and was the last one of the family to see Miss Ella. She says that they were talking with Wilcox in the parlor about 11 o'clock Wednesday night and that when Wilcox arose to leave he asked Miss Ella to go out on the veranda with him.

Miss Carrie went to her room, and her cousin was not missed until morning. The bloodhounds have tracked her to the river land, g. about three hundred yards from the house, but there all trace of her is lost. Her father, Judge William E. Cropsey, has every man in Pasquotank County aiding him in the search.

Wilcox is beside himself with grief and swears that if he is not allowed to go out and aid in the search he will kill himself.

He says that he quarrelled with the girl in saying "Good night," and left her in tears, and this adds to his agony.

Miss Allietta Ryder, of Ovington avenue, and belief that Ada was more than eighteen years old.

"The mother," said Justice Clarke, ought to know and she says the child is only sixteen. I must dismiss the writ. This boy will have to wait."

Mr. Lawki asked for an assessment of costs on Hook.

"I can't grant costs in a matter of this kind. This boy is only a foolish boy," said Justice Clarke; "he must wait till she is eighteen."

In Memory of Rev. Dr. Purves. A memorial service to the late Rev. George D. Purves, of New York, will be held in the Miller Chapel of the Princeton Theological Seminary at 4 o'clock this afternoon. Dr. Purves was the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church and formerly professor of New Testament literature and exegesis in Princeton Seminary. Dr. Benjamin H. Warfield, professor of biblical and polemical theology, will deliver the memorial address. The regular exercises in the seminary will be suspended.

Not Properly Hugged. (From the Chicago Herald.) "What is this?" asked the old salt, as the ladies of her was placed before him. "Why, a 'schoner,'" responded the bartender.

The old salt surveyed the huge cup of foam and said: "A schoner, eh? Well, mate, she's carrying too much salt for a craft of her size."



Miss Ellen Cropsey.

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NEWSTOWIFE: "SHOT DEAD!"

Western Friends of G. Frank McLaughlin, of Paterson, Send Startling Wire.

A telegram received in Paterson, N. J., last night, announced that G. Frank McLaughlin, a well-known Patersonian, had been shot and killed in Sheridan, Wyoming.

The despatch bore the signature of H. C. Allen, Democratic candidate for Governor of Wyoming in this fall, a personal friend of Mr. McLaughlin. Relatives telegraphed for details, which were not given in the despatch.

Mr. McLaughlin was interested in a copper mine at Sheridan, and was in the habit of going West every summer to superintend its operations, returning in the winter to his family. He was expected home in a week or two and his family was preparing to enjoy the holidays with him.

Mr. McLaughlin was head of the Nickel and Copper Refining Company. He was born near Johnstown, Pa., and was about fifty years old. He began work in the Cambria rolling mill, and is said to have had the distinction of rolling the first steel rail ever turned out in this country.

While at work in Bethlehem he stepped backward into a cauldron of molten metal and one of his feet was burned off.

In later years he managed a ranch in Kansas, and went to Paterson six years ago. He took charge of the Edison plant at night, and held the position for two years. When the Nickel and Refining Company was formed, he was placed at its head. He left a widow and two daughters.

Cross had his left shoulder dislocated and a badly bruised body. He refused to go to a hospital, and was removed to his home and attended by his own physician. He will recover.

RICH MAN MUST PAY WIFE.

Charles Leslie Mulford, His Wife Says, Has Paid No Alimony.

Charles Leslie Mulford, a wealthy and well-known resident of Brooklyn, was directed to-day by Justice Muldoon, of the Supreme Court, to pay his wife \$2 a week alimony allowed to his wife five some time ago for the support of herself and two children. Mrs. Mulford obtained a separation from her husband last June and it is alleged that no money has been paid to her.

Mulford, it is said, was formerly a stockholder in the American Ice Company, but sold his stock and is now employed by that corporation at a good salary. He also, it is said, is the owner of considerable real estate. The court gave him three days to arrange a bond for the payment of the alimony.

Arbitration for Peru and Bolivia.

LA PAZ, Bolivia, Nov. 25.—The Peruvian Minister, Senor Osma, and the Bolivian Minister of Foreign Affairs have signed a protocol submitting to arbitration the pending question between their respective countries.

SUIT AGAINST BARONESS FOR HIS THREE CHILDREN.

Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., Obtains Writ of Habeas Corpus Requiring Former Wife to Produce Them.



BARONESS RAUL DE GRAFFENRIED.
The Former Wife of Schuyler Hamilton, Jr.

Fourteen-year-old Violet Loring Hamilton is to be asked by Justice Clarke, in the Supreme Court, whether she prefers to grow up as the daughter of a French baroness or the daughter of one of New York's oldest families. At present the girl is with her mother, but her father, Schuyler Hamilton, Jr., of No. 12 East Twenty-seventh street, is trying to get possession of her together with the couple's two younger children.

Justice Clarke yesterday granted a writ of habeas corpus to Hamilton directing his former wife, now the Baroness Raoul de Graffenried, of Paris, to produce their three children in court.

Mrs. Hamilton is now with the children at Ossining. She got a divorce from Hamilton in 1891 on the grounds of desertion and non-support.

In his affidavit Hamilton says an agreement was made at the time of the divorce that the children should be allowed to stay with each parent for certain periods. He says that the Baroness now refuses to let him even see the children or to allow them to receive his letters.

The father asks that the courts decide as to the custody of the children, especially regarding the eldest, Violet. She is to be allowed to choose for herself. All of the children were lately living in Paris. Hamilton says, in grand style in Paris, the Graffenrieds' pretentious establishment.

Feminism and Philately. (From the London Graphic.) The new women of France, or "feminists," as they style themselves, have upon an ingenious method of calling attention to their views and claims. They are angry because the design of one of the new postage stamps represents a woman proclaiming the "rights of man," and they have had a stamp of their own printed, representing a man proclaiming the "rights of woman."

Lighthouse Steamer Disabled. MANILA, Nov. 25.—The United States lighthouse steamer General Alva has been towed into Sorogson, Southeast Luzon, with her shaft broken.